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THE ARGUMENT

A C T I.

The scene is laid in front of the Novodievitchi Convent, near Moscow. The Populace are gathered in the courtyard; the Boyars, with Prince Shouisky at their head, enter and pass into the Convent, and presently a Police Official appears and spurs on the people to a demonstration. The populace, addressing themselves to the Tzar, who has retired to the seclusion of the Convent, beseech him to listen to their prayers and once more assume the sceptre of Russia. Tchelkalov, Secretary of the Duma, appears from the Convent and informs the crowd that the Tzar remains inflexible to the appeals of his subjects. A number of Pilgrims enter, also bent upon a similar errand to the Tzar. They distribute icons among the people and all join in an anthem, as the curtain descends.

The second scene shows a cell in the Convent of Miracles. Pimenn is writing his chronicles by the light of a lamp; while another Monk, Gregory, lies asleep. From the interior come at intervals the chants of other Monks at prayer. Gregory awakes from a horrible dream which he relates to Pimenn who counsels him to pray more, so that such corrupting visions may not have dominion over his youthful mind. He assures him that the splendors of the world are not worth the price one pays for them and reminds him that even a Tzar had retired to the seclusion of a monastery, good man though he had been. As the bell rings for matins, Pimenn leaves his companion, who, alone, bemoans the fate of the murdered Tzarevitch and the misdeeds of the Tzar, whose acts Pimenn has been chronicling for posterity.

The scene is now removed to the great Square between the two Cathedrals of the Assumption and the Archangels. The populace are assembled here, and the Guards and other soldiers are drawn up awaiting the coming of Tzar Boris who presently appears, amidst the acclamations of the people. He addresses them and followed by renewed shouts of joy, he enters the Cathedral of the Assumption.

A C T I I.

The first scene of this act is laid at an inn on the frontier of Lithuania. The Innkeeper is singing to herself, when she is startled by the sound of voices from without. Varlaam and Missail, in hermit garb, enter, followed by the False Dimitri, dressed as a peasant, and under the name of Gregory. The three have escaped from their Monastery and are anxious to reach Lithuania. The innkeeper serves them with wine and tells Gregory by what way he can get into Lithuania, advising him to be cautious, as soldiers are on the lookout for a fugitive and all travellers are being held up. Varlaam grows drowsy with the wine and falls into a drunken sleep, singing snatches of song. An officer and soldiers enter and, suspecting that Varlaam may be the escaped person they are in search of, the officer awakes him and shows him a warrant of arrest, but as Varlaam cannot read, he gives it to Gregory, who, while reading the warrant, inserts in the description a similarity between the fugitive and Varlaam. At this Varlaam becomes incensed, and taking the warrant proceeds to spell his way through it, reading from it a description that tallies very closely with Gregory. At the end he accuses Gregory of being the person sought, at which the Monk bolts from the room and makes his escape, followed by the soldiers in pursuit.

The Tzar's apartments in the Palace of the Kremlin. Theodore, the

BORIS GODOUNOV.

Tzar's heir, and Xenia, his daughter, with their nurse, are together. Xenia who has recently lost her betrothed, is in deep sorrow. The nurse tries to comfort her and sings a song, and presently she and Theodore join in a game. The Tzar enters and persuades his daughter to go and seek distraction with her girl friends. Left alone with his son, the Tzar bemoans his fate and the disasters which seem to threaten him, and speaks of the spectre of the murdered boy which is always haunting him. He sends his son to ascertain the cause of a commotion outside; the Tzarevitch returns with the information that the servants are playing with the parrot. Prince Shouisky comes in, and reports to the Tzar the news that the people are stirred up by the appearance of Dimitri and that if he once enters the realm, the throne of the Tzar will fall. Boris orders military precautions be taken and inquires of Shouisky if he had ever heard "that murdered boys would rise from their graves to harass the Tzars," and he wishes to be assured that the Prince had really seen the young Tzarevitch after he was dead. Left alone, he betrays great agony of mind, crying out that he was not the assassin and prays to Heaven to purge his guilty soul.

A C T I I I.

The scene opens in a garden before the Polish Castle of Mnichek. The false Dimitri is awaiting the beautiful Marina. Father Rangoni comes and tells him how much Marina loves him and how true she is to him. The two conceal themselves as the guests enter, among them Marina, leaning on the arm of a Polish noble, whose professions of love she refuses. As they all pass towards the Castle they refer to the attack that is being planned against Moscow and the hated Moscovites. Dimitri, who has rid himself of his companion, returns eager to see Marina. She soon makes her appearance and urges Dimitri to push his fortune and usurp the throne in the person of the murdered Tzarevitch Dimitri. Her scorn spurs him on and he swears to lead the attack against Moscow and to seize the throne, of which Marina shall be the fair queen.

The next scene is the Forest of Kromy. Vagrants enter bringing with them the Boyar Khroustchov, whom they proceed to taunt.—now that they have him in their power. A Simpleton joins them and is himself made the butt of the urchins in the crowd. Varlaam and Missail appear, chanting denunciations of the reigning Tzar Boris, in which the Vagrants join. Monks appear, singing an anthem on behalf of Dimitri, the Usurper. They are attacked by the crowd and are dragged to be hanged, just as Dimitri and his troops make their appearance.

The last scene returns to the Palace of the Kremlin. A session of the Duma of Boyars has met and is considering what judgment shall be meted out to the Usurper, and dire vengeance is threatened. Prince Shouisky joins them and tells them that he had played eavesdropper on the Tzar and has been witness of his secret agency. Boris appears, distracted, but takes his place at the head of the assembled Duma to discuss the matter before them. Shouisky begs that the Tzar will first grant audience to an old man who is waiting outside. Pimenn enters and tells the Tzar how an aged shepherd had come to him and informed him that in a vision he had been bidden to go to the city of Ouglitch and into the Cathedral there and pray at the tomb of the young Tzarevitch Dimitri, and that as soon as he had done so, his blindness would be cured. The Tzar who has listened to his narrative with great emotion, faints at its end, and Prince Shouisky rushes out to fetch the Tzarevitch Theodore. Boris recovers consciousness and dismissing the Boyars, is left alone with his son, whom he counsels to reign wisely but justly, to crush the rebellion in Lithuania, and to protect Xenia, his sister. The Tzar then prays aloud to Heaven to forgive him his crimes and falls to the floor. The Boyars enter as he dies.

BORIS GODOUNOV.

BORIS GODOUNOV

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*The wall of Novodievitchi Convent,
in the environs of Moscow.*

*To right, near front, the great door
of the Monastery, with a shed over
it.*

*As the curtain goes up, the populace
enter the courtyard of the convent
in little groups. They move about
reluctantly and with awkward, in-
dolent gait. The Boyars cross the
stage with Prince Shouisky at their
head. They approach the Convent
and exchange greetings with the
crowd. As soon as the Boyars have
entered the Convent, the peasants
bestir themselves; some, especially
the women, peep through the door
of the Convent; others converse in
low tones, scratching their heads.*

*Enter the Police Official. The crowd
closes together and remains motion-
less: the women, resting their
cheeks on the palms of their hands;
the men, with their hands crossed
at their waists, twirling their caps
awkwardly.*

POLICE OFFICIAL

*(Brandishing a big stick, with which
he menaces the crowd.)*

Well!

Like stones ye are!
On your knees!

(Menacingly)

Be quick!

*(The people shuffle their feet on the
cobble-stones, but do not move from
their position.)*

Oh! A race of devils!

(Menacingly)

THE CROWD

*(Kneeling, their faces towards the
Convent door).*

But why dost thou abandon us?

Oh, Father! Say, to whom entrustest
thou thy people?

Good Father!

Remain we now without a Father!

Sad orphans we!

Ah, we implore thee...

Oh, Father!

Deign to see us weeping...

Hear our sobs!

*(The Police Official moves towards
the Convent.)*

Mercy! Mercy!

Mercy, good Father!

Oh, Father...

Do thou protect us...

Watch over us!

Mercy!

*(Single voices in the Chorus. The
Crowd remain kneeling.)*

SINGLE VOICES.

Mitioukhe, say, Mitioukhe!

Why these plaints?

MITIOUKHE.

The deuce I know!

SINGLE VOICES.

A Tzar we give to Russia!

ONE OF THE WOMEN.

I can endure no more!

My breath is gone!

Give me a drink, my neighbor!

SECOND PEASANT WOMAN.

Oh! play not the princess!

Didst delight in shouting,

Now chew thy tongue!

THE MEN.

Hey, down there... keep still!

THE WOMEN.

Ye think to frighten us?
'T is useless to command!

MITIUKHE.

Oh, the hags, will ye be quiet?

THE WOMEN (*sharply*).

Ah, rascal! insult us not.
Cruel one, begone!
Keep silent, brigand!

(*They arise.*)

Oh, Lord, what knavish folks!
Away! away! Let us be gone from
here.
The misfortune flee!
Let's avoid it, if we can.

THE MEN (*laughing*).

Dislike ye then the title?
Harshly it sounds, 'tis true!
Offends and vexes ye....

(*They laugh*)

Begone from here, ye witches!
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!

THE POLICE OFFICIAL
(*appearing on the threshold of the
Convent door. The women again
fall on their knees and the crowd
remains motionless.*)

(*To the crowd*).

Quick now...
Let's hear you shout!
(*Threatening them with his stick*)
Beware!
Have your backs the clout forgotten?
(*Advancing towards the men*)
Behold it... 'tis here!

THE WOMEN,
(*to the Police Official*).

My dear Anton,
Please calm thy rage...

THE MEN.

But let us breathe.
If thou wouldst have us shout!

MEN AND WOMEN.

We want to breathe, O monster!

THE POLICE OFFICIAL.
Then, shout yourselves hoarse!

PEOPLE.

All right!

THE POLICE OFFICIAL
(*menacing with his stick*).
Hev!

THE CROWD (*shouting aloud*).

But why dost thou abandon us,
Oh, Father?
Say, to whom entrustest thou thy
people?
Good Father!
Here, we implore thee...
Oh, Father!
Deign to see us weeping...
Hear our sobs!
Mercy! Mercy! Good Father...
Oh, Father!

(*At the last shouts of the Crowd, the
Secretary of the Duma (Tchelka-
lov) appears on threshold of the
Convent door.*)

THE POLICE OFFICIAL

(*running towards the Crowd*).
Silence!... Arise!... Harken!
(*The Crowd arises*)

TCHELKALOV

(*advancing towards the Crowd, re-
moves his cap in greeting*).
Moscovians! Boris remains inflexible.
In vain the earnest appeal of Boyars
and of the patriarch!
Boris the throne declines.
Great is the sorrow of Russia's people,
Moscovians!
The entire realm suffers and laments!
The Lord beseech, implore Him
That he grant
To Russia the favor sought—
Enlighten with wisdom
The mind of Boris the Great!

CHORUS OF PILGRIMS.

GUIDES TO PILGRIMS

(*Boys, from behind the scenes*).
On earth great is thy Glory, God
Creator!
Glory! Glory! to the Heavenly Power!
Glory to the elect Saints! To Russia
Glory!

THE CROWD (*murmuring*).

The elect of Heaven! The elect of
Heaven!

PILGRIMS (*from behind scenes*).

God's angel proclaimed it!
Draw up, black clouds,
From our Holy Russia!

(The Pilgrims enter, leaning on the shoulders of their guides. They are attired in long cloaks, with hoods, and wear many amulets. They also carry long staffs for support. The Crowed opens a passage for them and greets them with sincere devotion).

GUIDES AND PILGRIMS

(in sonorous tones).

The dragon crush,
The twelve headed hydra, with wings...
Shapeless beast of disorder and sin!
Through all the realm proclaim it
For his good!

(They distribute amulets among the crowd).

Sacred garments don...
These images, the icons wear
In procession with the Blessed Vir-
gins.

Boris to meet!

(They go towards the Convent, the chant dying away gradually.)

And now sing Glory to God Almighty!
Great is Thy Glory, God Creator!

(The curtain descends slowly.)

SCENE II.

A cell in the Convent of Miracles. Pimenn is writing by the uncertain light of a lamp. Gregory is asleep.

PIMENN *(ceasing to write).*

One more fact... another legend,
And the chronicle is done.
This work completed then, which God
bequeaths

To him who sins.

(Ceasing to write)

For many years
God made me witness these events...
Who knows? some day a learned
monk

May find my humble work, unknown,
And, as I have done, by the light of
a lamp.

Brushing the secular dust away,
My truthful sayings shall transcribe,
So the new Muscovite race may learn
The history of the past.

(Remains thoughtful)

Burdened with years, I feel the
spring...

The days long gone, astir within me,

Like billows of the ocean!...
But yesterday, a busy, bustling life,
To-day, calm and silence!
The day already dawns and the flame
sinks low!

(He writes)

One more fact... another legend...

CHORUS OF MONKS

(from within).

God, potent and just,
Hear thy servants
Who here implore Thee.
Banish the evil spirit, Lord,
Far from Thy sons!

GREGORY *(awaking).*

Ever that dream!
Thrice the same vision!...
It terrifies me, horrible nightmare...
And the aged man
Rests not, but writes unceasingly...
Sleep has not touched his eyes!
That humble monk, how admirable,
When surges through his mind the
past,
Sublime and calm, he chronicles his
facts!

PIMENN.

Awake already?

GREGORY *(approaching Pimenn
and bowing low).*

Oh, beloved father, thy blessings.

PIMENN

(rising and blessing him).

God's holy blessing
Rest on thee, e'en unto Heaven!

THE MONKS *(within).*

Why, Lord, didst Thou abandon us?
*(Pimenn seats himself; Gregory rises
exclaiming:)*

GREGORY.

Thou didst write, with eyes that rested
not;

My sleep was ever troubled
By a diabolic dream—most terrible!
Hear me. On a narrow stair
I climbed and saw,
From a height, Moscow—as an ant's
nest!

The raving crowd below abused me,
And, their fingers pointing, jeered me.
Shame and terror invading my soul,
I fell from the tower... and awoke.

PIMENN.

Aflame is thy youthful blood
 From fasting. . . Thou needest prayer.
 Thoughts, in corrupted visions,
 Themselves transform. So I—
 When to slumber I allowed my mind
 to sink,
 No prayer to Heaven raised,
 My rest is lost, my night disturbed.
 Then rise before me sinful scenes
 convivial,
 And fights and battles,
 The follies of my youth.

GREGORY.

Brilliant thy early years,
 When under Kazàn thou wert hero
 And the enemy's troops thou over-
 camest.
 The Terrible Tzar's splendor hast thou
 seen.
 But I, at infancy a novice,
 Live in my cell a humble monk!
 Ah! . . . I, too, wish to taste these
 joys—
 The thrilling scenes of battle and of
 banquets.

PIMENN.

Lament not, nay! . . . Gavest thou up
 The world! Oh, believe me. . .
 From afar its dazzle tempts us,
 And woman's love allures.
 Think, my son, of the splendor of
 the Tzars,
 So powerful they are, and yet,
 Oh, often, they leave behind them
 The sceptre and the royal purple,
 The golden crown,
 For the rough garb of monks,
 Seeking in the privacy of a convent
 Rest and peace. . . In this cell
 (When St. Cyril the Just lived here)
 I saw here that Tzar! . . .
 Thoughtful and good, Ivan the ter-
 rible Tzar,
 For us had words of clemency;
 And I beheld in his stern eyes
 The tears of remorse he felt.
 That Tzar was weeping. . .

*(He becomes absorbed in deep
 thought)*

His son, Tzar Theodore
 Transformed his room
 Into two dismal cells. . . a true clois-
 ter. . .
 Heaven loved that Tzar, the good,
 'he adored!

Under his rule all Russia
 Lived in peace; and when for him too
 The hour struck, a great miracle I
 saw accomplished
 His room was filled with a sharp,
 acid odor,
 But his pale face shone like the sun.
 Oh, never shall we have such a Tzar!
 Heaven has punished us! As Lord
 We have now an infamous regicide!

GREGORY (*seating himself
 near Pimenn's table*).

For many. . . many years,
 Oh, Father, I've longed to know
 What age the butchered Tzarovitch
 was.

PIMENN.

Thine age he would be.
*(Gregory springs impetuously to his
 feet, and resumes his position on
 the stool humbly).*

And on the throne;
 But God willed it otherwise!
 With the horrible crime of Boris, the
 Tzar,

Ere night my theme shall end.
 Brother Gregory,
 Learned thou art. . . . thou lovest
 science. . .

Well, to thee I bequeath my labors.
 Write, delay not, but write truthfully
 All that thou hast witnessed and shall
 see,

Both war and peace and the ruling of
 that Tzar,
 Heaven's prophecies and presages.

(Rising slowly)

I, my son, need rest.

*(In the distance the tolling of bells
 is heard, calling to matins.)*

Matins already! Lord, watch
 O'er thy sons.

(To Gregory)

Hand me the staff.

MONKS (*chorus within*).

Grant us grace,
 Merciful God,
 Oh, good Lord,
 Father who rules o'er us,
 Eternal and just!

*(Pimenn walks away absorbed in
 thought. Gregory accompanies him
 to the door, then returns and ex-
 claims:)*

GREGORY (*on the threshold*).

Boris! Boris! All before thee bow,
None dares complain
Of that boy's sad fate...
But here, in his cell, a monk
Discloses thy horrible misdeeds...
And the justice of mortals here below
Shall strike thee... and Heaven shall
punish!....

SCENE III.

(*The Square between the two Cathedrals of the Assumption and of the Archangels. The churchyard of the first is at right, that of the second in the distance facing the audience. In the Square the people are kneeling. The bells are ringing loudly. The procession. Guards. Sons of the Boyars. The Streltzi guards. Tchelkalov, with the staff of the Tzar, then more Streltzi. Then follow in order the Boyars, the deacons, etc. etc. etc. The Procession crosses the stage, passing through the crowd, and enters the Cathedral of the Assumption.*)

The Streltzi arrange themselves in files in the churchyard.)

PRINCE SHOUISKY

(*from elevated ground of the Cathedral of the Assumption*).

Hail to thee, Tzar Boris Theodorovich!

THE CROWD (*rising*).

Health and all good to our Tzar!

PRINCE SHOUISKY.

Glory!

(*He enters the Cathedral.*)

THE CROWD.

Glory to the fair son of the vast sky!

Glory!

Glory be to our Tzar, our Tzar Boris!

Glory!

(*The Procession returns from the Cathedral, preceded by the Trumpeters of the Streltzi.*)

Long reign to the good Tzar!

This is a festal day for ye, O people of Russia!

Glorify your good Tzar!

THE BOYARS

(*from the Churchyard*).

Long live the Tzar, Boris Theodorovich!

THE CROWD (*bowing*).

Long live the Tzar!

(*Tchelkalov and the Boyars follow the procession and arrange themselves, making a semicircle between the churchyards of the two Cathedrals.*)

THE CROWD.

Glory be in Russia to Tzar Boris!

Glory, glory to the good Tzar!

Glory! Glory! Glory!

(*Boris appears in the Churchyard. Shouisky is behind him and signals the people to be silent.*)

BORIS

(*his son Theodore and his daughter Xenia following him*).

Sad my heart!

The unceasing fear

Of that heinous secret

Gnaws at my soul!

(*Ecstatically*)

Saintly dead, Oh, royal ancestor,

Thou beholdest from Heaven our tears.

Send thy blessing

On me and on my reign;

Oh, make me good and just as thou,

And my throne make happy.

(*Bowing his head*).

Now let us salute the dead sovereigns
Of Russia.

(*With royal majesty*)

My people shall have their feast!

All! from the Boyars to the beggar,

All shall enter; all! 'Tis the Tzar
who invites!

(*Boris enters the Cathedral*)

THE CROWD.

All hail! Long life to the good Tzar,
And glory to the fair son of the vast
sky!

Glory! Glory!

Glory be in Russia to her Tzar Boris!

Glory! Glory! Glory! All hail!

(*Amidst the enthusiastic ovation, Boris comes out of the Cathedral and takes his departure. The curtain descends amidst the shouts of the populace.*)

Glory! Glory!

(*The bells ring jubilantly.*)

(*Curtain.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I.

An Inn on the frontier of Lithuania.

INNKEEPER (*a woman*).

(*Fixing an old shoe and singing to herself*).

I caught a duckling all blue and black,
Duckling thou art fine,
I love thee well.

The gentle duckling will I trust
To the water of the pond,
Under the shade of the trees.
Fly, fly... dear birdy,

Oh, fly away, there... to the sky...
But come back to thy home again.
I wish to fondle thy gaudy feathers,
My little one, blue and black.

(*Voices behind the scenes*)

Oh, come I pray thee, come
To me; I would have thee near;
Oh, kiss me, please, upon the lips,
Kiss and bite me, little one!

(*A burst of laughter and conversation
behind the scenes.*)

Who is there?

(*Looking*)

They are travellers!
Here, you may enter!

(*The laughter and conversation cease*)

Hola!... they are silent.
No longer there!

(*Begins to sing again.*)

Oh, I want you to kiss me again,
My birdy, so good and gentle...
I shall give thee all my heart,
Oh, come, gladden me.
The little widow wants thee,
Come; make her suffer no more.

MISSAIL AND VARLAAM
(*from behind the scenes*).

Oh, ye... Christians...
Good folks... faithful ones...
Oh, give us alms to raise
A temple to the Holy Lord!
God from Heaven shall repay ye!...

THE INNKEEPER (*rising*).

Mercy! O Lord,
They are saintly hermits!
How foolish I have been
In yielding to sin!

(*looking out of the window*)

'Tis they... here they are...

The messengers of the Lord!

(*She opens the door. Varlaam and Missail enter, followed by the false Dimitri dressed as a peasant and under the name of Grigory.—The Innkeeper greets them humbly.*)

VARLAAM.

To the inn be peace, O woman!

THE INNKEEPER.

How can I serve
These holy pilgrims?

MISSAIL.

Offer what thou hast.

VARLAAM (*nudging Missail*).

A little wine.

THE INNKEEPER.

Willingly, good pilgrims!
Anon, ye shall have it.

(*She goes out.*)

VARLAAM

(*observing Grigory who is seated at
the table*).

Oh, comrade, drive dull care away...
At last, thy earnest wish thou dost
attain.

The frontier thou shalt cross to-day.

GRIGORY.

Only in Lithuania shall I feel safe.

VARLAAM.

How can Lithuania help thee?
We two, good Missail and I, poor
brother,
After our flight from the cloister,
We fare quite well.
Either in Russia or Lithuania,
Always happy I am where there is
wine.

THE INNKEEPER

(*entering and setting wine bottles on
the table*).

To ye, brethren, I bring good wine.

MISSAIL.

Behold the good wine!

VARLAAM AND MISSAIL.

Thanks, gentle hostess,
God's wealth of favors be with thee!

VARLAAM

(*singing with a bottle in his hand*).
When I was in the fair City of Kazàn,

The terrible Tzar his time passed in sport...

But the Tartars' star
Illumined not their sky.
He burnt them... to the devil let them go!

At night my good Tzar
Surrounded Kazàn, closing in...
And beneath the river sprang a mine,
Tzar Ivan!
The Tartars in the city proudly
strutted,
They would the haughty Tzars repel;
The cruel Tartars!

(He drinks.)

Then frowned the terrible Tzar
And shouted, cocking his head:
"My gunners, your turn it is...
Apply the fuse to the mouth
Of the terrible casks!"
With boldish mien went forth the
gunner.
And with care the taper lighted...
Turned on itself the murderous cask...
And bounding into the mine
There it burst!...

(He drinks.)

With pain the Tartars shrieked...
And terror-stricken fled!...
Tzar Ivan the rebels all subdued...
And tore their flesh to shreds!

(He drinks.)

When in Kazàn, that city fair...
Hey!...

(To Grigory.)

Still shut are thy lips:
For whom throbs thy heart?

GRIGORY.

Well!... who knows!...

MISSAIL.

Oh! 'tis thine own concern!...

VARLAAM.

Not mine certainly, good comrade!
Long live our hostess!

(He drinks; to Grigory.)

Listen carefully...
When I drink, the sober ones I like
not.
Love ebriety, not temperance.
Wouldst copy me? Come... embrace
me.
Wilt not? 'Tis well!... To the devil
go!...

GRIGORY.

Thou mayest drink without losing
thy reason,
Father Varlaam...

VARLAAM.

Reason? For what? I need it not, see!
*(He crosses his arms over the table
and goes to sleep, singing in low tones)*

'Tis the good man...

'Tis the good man...

A gentleman!

A man!

(He falls asleep.)

GRIGORY.

Hostess, whither leads that path?

INNKEEPER.

Into Lithuania.

VARLAAM *(drowsily)*.

He is a man...

A great good man...

And verily a gentleman!

A man!...

GRIGORY.

Tell me, hostess, is it far?

INNKEEPER.

No, my friend, near it is;
Even to-day thou canst be there.
But be careful at the barriers.

GRIGORY.

What barriers?

INNKEEPER.

A culprit has escaped,
All travellers are arrested...
And then spirited away.

GRIGORY.

Alas!... So has my hope
Forever vanished?...

VARLAAM *(drowsily)*.

So is the wretch,
Caught by the wine,
Snatching a little nap...

GRIGORY.

But knowest thou whom they seek?

INNKEEPER.

A scoundrel... I know not rightly...
or a brigand.

But the bowmen leave us no peace!

GRIGORY.

So?!

INNKEEPER.

But thinkest thou they will catch the thieves?

Not even in their dreams...

For they can use the other road...

Now hear me carefully...

Turn to the left thou must,

When following this path.

Go to the chapel of Tchekan,

Rising on the river's banks;

And from there to Khlopín,

Thence on to Tzaitzevo.

After that even a child

Could lead thee.

But certainly this spying is indeed a plague

For the unhappy people...

And for us, poor hostesses, much more so!...

VARLAAM (*stretching himself*).

'Tis the good man...

Who goes: toc, toc...

(*A knock is heard at the door*)

Louder yet... toc, toc, toc, toc!

(*The knocks are repeated with greater force.*)

INNKEEPER.

But what's all this racket?

(*goes to the window and looks out.*)

In very truth it is those rascals!

They again!... 'Tis the bowmen!

(*Soldiers enter in silence and observe the vagrants.*)

VARLAAM.

'Tis the good man!...

'Tis the good man...

A gentleman!

(*The soldiers go and stand behind Varlaam.*)

THE OFFICER.

Who are you?

VARLAAM AND MISSAIL

(*they are frightened and answer humbly.*)

Poor friars and humble churchmen...
Collecting alms throughout the land.

THE OFFICER (*to Grigory*).

And thou?... Who art thou?

VARLAAM AND MISSAIL.

He is a comrade.

GRIGORY

(*with studied indifference*).

Near the great town I live...

I accompany these monks...

And shall return home after...

THE OFFICER (*to the bowmen*).

Nothing to be gained from the youth!

We'll try the monks... Ahem!

(*Coughing*)

(*He approaches the table.*)

Well, fathers, how did the begging fare?

VARLAAM.

Oh!... Badly, my son... badly!

The faithful love their gold...

They heard it... they hide it...

And nothing for the Lord!...

Great is the injustice!

And iniquity triumphs....

Beg and beg... pray and pray...

But with nothing they part,

Not even a paltry Kopek!

We, in sorrow, seek the inn!

Oh forsooth!... 'tis the end of the world!...

Verily the end!....

INNKEEPER

(*almost imploring the officer*).

Good sir, have pity on thy servant.

VARLAAM

(*as the officer scrutinizes his face*).

Oh, speak out... why inspect me so closely?

THE OFFICER.

Here, Aliokha, give me the edict,

Thou hast it.

(*He takes the paper. Then to Varlaam.*)

Now read:

From Moscow a heretic has escaped
Grishka Otrepiev.

Art thou he?... Answer!...

VARLAAM (*humbly*).

I know not...

THE OFFICER.

Humph! The Tzar orders his arrest
Alive or dead...

Dost thou not understand?

VARLAAM.

No, my son.

THE OFFICER.

Knowest thou how to read?

VARLAAM.

No, son, God taught me not!

THE OFFICER.

Then, look at the edict.

VARLAAM (*repulsing him*).

But what dost thou want?

THE OFFICER.

Well... the heretic, the thief, 'tis thou!

VARLAAM.

Heydey! a mistake, master!

INNKEEPER (*aside*).

O, Lord!... even the hermits they entrap.

THE OFFICER.

Hey? Which of you can read?

GRIGORY

(*approaching the officer*).

... if thou wishest.

THE OFFICER

(*handing him the edict*).

'Tis well. Then read slowly.

GRIGORY (*reading*).

"In the convent of Miracles, a worthless novice, Grigory, by name Grishka Otrepiev, tempted by the evil spirit, dared perturb the holy men of God, with sacrilegious and wicked allurements. The brigand escaped into Lithuania... The Tzar orders that he be captured..."

THE OFFICER.

And hung!

GRIGORY.

But it does not say so here...

THE OFFICER.

Thou liest... The sense must be understood.

Read: "arrest him and hang him."

GRIGORY.

"And hang him... his age... (*looking at Varlaam*) his age... fifty years... beard completely white... round of paunch... a red nose..."

THE OFFICER (*to the bowmen*).

Here you... 'tis he! bind him fast!
 (*All hurl themselves upon Varlaam who repulses them violently.*)

VARLAAM.

Halt! (*he clinches his fists, prepared to fight*) Keep back... evil brood... these are all lies... these... I a thief?... I... Grishka? Stand! Enough of this farce... even if I can scarcely read... letters I know well... and I will read... because of the gallows I will read... (*he reads by syllables*) "And his a... a... age, his age... twenty years"—Twenty and not fifty?... Dost thou see?!

(*Grigory retreats to the door, his right hand under his blouse*); "of middle height... reddish hair... on the nose... on the nose... a wart... on the forehead ditto... and the left arm... shorter than the right..."

(*approaching Grigory stealthily*)

"Thou it is who art Grishka! (*Grigory brandishing a knife escapes by the window*).

ALL

(*stricken motionless by surprise*)

'Tis he! stop him!... seize him!...

(*Recovering from their surprise all rush to the door and continue their shouts from behind the scenes.*)

Stop the thief! arrest him!...

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

Apartments of the Tzar in the Kremlin at Moscow. At left a terrestrial globe, on a small table at which Theodore sits, reading "The Book of the Great Drawing." At right, a work table, beside which Xenia is seated. Close by her, on a stool, the nurse is busy at work. Near front of stage a large arm-chair. At rear a musical clock, with automatic figures.

XENIA

(*holding a medallion portrait of her betrothed; weeping*).

Oh!... he died...

Beneath the sod rests my beloved...

Far from his Xenia!...

Sleepest thou alone, under the cold stone,

And dost not see my pangs... nor hear my grieving!

The grief of her who loves thee and for thee languishes!

THE NURSE.

Enough!... Come, my graceful Tzar-
revna,
Weep no more... Dry thy lashes...

XENIA.

My heart is breaking and I suffer.

THE NURSE.

Calm thyself, dear one,
Tears of those betrothed
By the sun are dried like hoar-frost.
So vast the earth, some handsome
youth,
Gentle and slender, thou shalt know.
And the one that died thou shalt for-
get!

XENIA.

No, my nurse,
No! I love him still and always shall.

THE NURSE.

What? thou scarcely saw'st him and
wilt die for him!
Once a maiden languished
Because she loved a handsome lad.
But the artful rogue vanished.
Yet even she consoled herself.
O, dispel thy sorrow, my dove,
And think no more of it.

Listen to my song!

(Approaching Xenia)

THE SONG OF THE FLEA.

A big fly was cutting wood
And water drawing for the king.
A jumping flea assisted him.
Then softly came a butterfly.
From out Pope Ilon's garden.
Fluttering about he flew
And munched the hay as he did...
The big fly angry grows,
With lordly mien,
He takes a little twig
To chase the rebel.
Disaster for the big fly, though...
His stick he badly throws
And broken is his back,
While the other flew away!
But nimble to his succor
Ran the grieving little fly,
Jumped upon his back
And helped him ardently.
The little one bled soon to death,
Confessing to the bigger fly
That for him she died.
Then to heaven she flew away!

THEODORE.

Oh, how funny is thy song...
After the wedding thou tollest the
bells.

THE NURSE.

My Tzarovitch!
Knowest thou some gayer ones?
Patience I shall have for thee, Ivan
the terrible Tzar
This lesson taught us when he ruled.
Sing—

THEODORE.

Oh, I assure thee, dear... thou
shalt sing with me!

THE GAME OF THE KHILIST.

*(Theodore urges the Nurse to play.
They move around in a circle, clapping
their hands, each trying to
strike the other first.)*

THEODORE.

Hear this fable; it is rich.
A hen bore a calf...
And the little pig laid an egg.
A serious novel
For children and ninnies.
*(He gets up, places himself before
the nurse, and as he sings claps his
hands, a stroke for every measure
of the music.)*

Too—roo, too—roo, my chick,
Where takest that grain,
To a distance surely...
To Kiev thou shalt go
And fly on the tree...
But there an owl thou wilt find.

THEODORE AND THE NURSE.

He winks his eye.
Here flutters the bird...
Zin, zin, urchin.
Let's say together: Zin, zin...
And contentedly dance,
Come now, all we invite,
Dance we will!

THEODORE

In the deacon's yard
A little sparrow is engaged.
Not a hawk he is; but a gentle fledg-
ling...
With a long, white bill, and he's a
dear.
To visit a friend he went away.

THE NURSE AND THEODORE

(*they come closer by degrees*).

And the owl said softly, softly:

"The great harvest is threshed every day..."

The deacon and his wife, each other will thrash very soon."

The grain took fire,
The deacon grew angry,
Attacked by terror,
Into the granary he went,
Rage deep in his heart.
But his ears got scorched.

THEODORE.

To the banquet set
The lords arrive;
Nice little cakes
On golden plates are ready.
The bowmen, who come from afar,
Eat and drink... with uproar!
A cow and an ox the officer eats,
And pheasants six hundred too,
To fill his great big paunch!
Khliost!...

(*He gives the Nurse a tap.*)

THE NURSE

(*catching sight of Boris and greeting him in a low voice*).

Ah!

BORIS (*to the Nurse*).

What's that? A great hawk the little ones threatens?

THE NURSE.

My Sovereign, forgive me.
An old woman am I and timorous...

BORIS (*to Xenia*).

Oh, my daughter! my dove!...
Scarcely betrothed, and yet a widow!...
Thou weepst constantly... no truce to thy grief?

XENIA.

Oh, my Sovereign, let not my bitter weeping
Distress thee.
So small a thing is my pain
Compared with thine own grief.

BORIS

(*stroking his daughter's hair*).

Oh, my daughter! my dove!...
Go, join thy girl friends in the *terem*:

Thou must divert thyself... amuse thyself.

(*Xenia and the Nurse go out. Boris looks affectionately but sadly at his daughter.*)

Go, my daughter!

(*to Theodore*)

And thou, what readeest, my son—
An atlas?

THEODORE.

The map of Moscow,
From one end of the Realm to the other,
See: there Moscow and Novgorod,
Here Kazan, Astrakan...
And the Caspian Sea.
The Perm's thick woods...
And yonder... Siberia!

BORIS.

Yes... yes... 'Tis well, my son.
At a glance, as from above,
The entire realm thou mayest contemplate,
Frontiers, rivers and towns...
Note them well... It may happen some day...
Who knows?... it may be soon,
To thee may belong all the Empire!
Study, my boy.

(*He walks towards the arm-chair, picks up some papers on the table and scans them distractedly.*)

The supreme power I have!
For five years I have held the sceptre.
And my soul still seeks sweet peace.
The magicians in vain foretold me:
'A long, wise and tranquil reign'...
Alas! Nothing attracts me more!
Nor glory nor applause...
Nothing can seduce me now!

(*bowing his head thoughtfully*)

Within my family I've sought in vain for joy...

My daughter's nuptials I prepared...
My Xenia's, my pure dove...

Her lover died!

God's implacable hand weighed
O'er this nefarious soul of mine,
And the future appears so dark,
With no trace of hope!
My heart is rent and grievous...

My soul is vexed...

I tremble... I fret...

And disasters fear!...

To smother my atrocious remorse
To the Saints my prayers I raise!

Midst the splendor of my boundless
power.

I, Tzar of Russia, for soothing tears
implored!

Curses! All conspire...

Plots everywhere... and mysterious
mines...

Great scourges..... and pest and
famine!

Like beasts, the famished multiply,
And the whole realm weeps and suf-
fers!

These awful ills that Heaven
For my crime, sends down on me,
My people ascribe to me alone!
And Boris's sacred name

Is loathed by all!

Sleep has flown from me... and in
the dark,

That bleeding boy cries out for pity!
With looks terrified... with his little
hands

He pleads for mercy...

But no mercy he obtained!...

I still see the ghastly wound...

The death-rattle of agony I still hear...
(*he falls crushed into the armchair*)

Oh, God! have pity on me!

THE NURSES

(*from behind the scenes*).

Hey! Pst! Hey! Pst! Pst! Hey!...
Hey!...

BORIS

(*to his son*).

What an uproar!

Go see what it is.

THE NURSES

(*from behind the scenes*).

Pst! Pst!

BORIS

(*to the Court Boyar who enters*).

Ah! what a noise!...

What dost thou want?

THE NURSES

(*from behind the scenes*).

Pst! Pst! Pst!

Hey!... But he hurts!... Pst! Pst!

BORIS.

Speak!

THE COURT BOYAR.

My noble Sovereign,
Prince Shouisky comes to thee,

Most humbly...

BORIS.

Shouisky? Let him enter,

(*with irony*)

I am glad to see the Prince...

I like to hear him...

THE COURT BOYAR

(*whispering in Boris's ear*).

Came last night a servant of Pouchine.

To denounce Prince Mstislavsky

And other Boyars—

To-night they met secretly...

A courier has arrived from Cracow
with...

BORIS (*interrupting*).

Let him be arrested!

(*The Boyar goes out.*)

Yes... Prince Shouisky!

(*To Theodore who enters*)

Well?

THEODORE.

O, my father, my Sovereign...

I know not if I should trouble

Thy mind with a trifling matter...

BORIS.

Yes, yes, my boy, speak... tell me
all...

(*Fondles his son.*)

THEODORE

(*seating himself on Boris's knees*).

Our parrot Popignka was chattering
With the nurses, who made sport of
him;

He held out to them his little head

Begging caresses and cakes...

The nurse, Nastia, refused him her
kisses.

Popignka, much provoked, called her
"silly".

In anger the nurse caught him by the
neck...

Shrieking, Popignka bristled his feath-
ers...

Then, the women to sooth him, gave
him sweets,

And all in chorus asked his pardon.

But no... Popka is unrelenting...

Under his wing he sulkily hides his
beak.

He scolds the nurse, then abuses her,
And swoops down treacherously on the
woman...

Looking at her, bearing her down...
 The others in alarm, with frightened
 cries,
 Try to lure him to his cage.
 Popka, with increasing fury, tries all
 to bite.
 Yes, my Sovereign, this caused the
 bustle!
 Popka it was who disturbed thy
 serious thoughts.
 Yes... that is all, my noble father!

BORIS

*(caressing his son with intense
 feeling).*

Oh, son! my son, beloved of my heart!
 With what art and grace
 Thou hast related all.
 How well thou knowest, without
 artifice,
 To tell minutely this simple fact.
 Thy wisdom is seen and thy studies.
 Knowledge seek and cherish.
 Oh, could I but know the joy
 Of seeing thee wisely rule,
 As Russia's Tzar!
 Oh, how readily,
 Scorning the entire world,
 For this one happiness
 I would yield to thee the weighty
 scepter!...

SHOUISKY *(entering)*.

Hail, noble Sovereign!

BORIS

(to Prince Shouisky).

Ah, glorious charlatan,
 And able leader of a crazy crowd...
 Rebellious chief of faithless Boyars,
 Enemy of the throne and of the Tzar,
 Base liar, thrice a perjurer,
 Hypocritical flatterer;
 Baker of wafers, dressed-up Boyar...
 Buffoon!

SHOUISKY.

Tzar, 't is grave...
 I bear news that shall trouble thee...

BORIS.

The deeds of thy old friends thou
 meanest...
 All in disgrace,
 Whom the secret messenger disclosed
 to thee?

SHOUISKY.

Yes, my Sovereign;
 An impostor claims to be the Tzar.

The King, the Pope, all believe in
 him.

BORIS

(disturbed, rises from the armchair).
 But under what name does the traitor
 hide?

What name assumes the impostor?
 What name?...

SHOUISKY.

Thy throne, Tzar is unshaken.
 By thy favors, thy zeal and thy heart
 To conquer the soul of all thou
 knowest;
 All are devoted to thy majesty!
 But even should I suffer, Tzar, my
 sovereign,
 Even should my heart burst with
 aching,
 I dare not keep silent now.
 If that knave set foot within thy
 realm,
 Towards Dimitri all will hasten,
 Led by that name which he revives.

BORIS *(in terror)*.

Dimitri!

(To his son)

Leave us, Tzarevitch...

THEODORE.

Oh, Sovereign, let me remain near
 thee,
 I would know the dangers which
 menace thy power!

BORIS.

Oh, no... no... my son!...
 Tzarevitch, Tzarevitch, thou must
 obey me!
*(Boris leads away his son, then clos-
 ing the door, he returns to Shoui-
 sky.)*

We shall act at once...
 Let the entire realm be guarded,
 Under no pretext must a single person
 pass the walls.
 See to it.

(Stopping Shouisky)

No... wait... Shouisky.
 Hast thou, perchance, heard it said
 That murdered boys from their graves
 would rise
 To harass the Tzars? The rightful
 Tzars,
 By the people elected?!...
 Tzars anointed by the great Patri-
 arch?!...
(He bursts into wild laughter)

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!...

Say.... thou laughest?!....

(*Grasping Shouisky by the neck*)

Ah! thou laughest no more... eh?!...

SHOISKY.

Pardon, Tzar, powerful Sovereign...

BORIS.

Prince, tell me: the day which saw
That frightful crime committed; when
the boy...

Perished so tragically...

Tell me: the boy... was surely...
Dimitri?

SHOISKY.

Yes!

BORIS.

Vassili Ivanovitch,

By Christ Divine,

I beseech thee, tell me all thou knowest!

I am good... thou knowest well...

But if thou seekest to conceal... Oh,
woe to thee!

I will invent a torment so cruel
That Ivan himself would shrink in
horror

Within his grave!... Answer me!

SHOISKY.

Thy displeasure I fear, not death!
In the church of Uglitch, before the
people,

Long I gazed upon that tiny corpse;
Around him lay fully thirty bodies,
Shapeless and ghastly... blood and
mire...

And from those bodies the stench re-
leased itself!

But the face of Tzar Ivan's son
Was undisfigured....

Around the neck a reddish wound...
And the lips still bore
The gentle smile as of a cherub...

He seemed to slumber placidly
Tired out, in his cradle, his arms
crossed,
Holding in his hand a childish toy!

BORIS.

Oh!... oh... no more!

(*He bids Shouisky retire. The Prince goes out, casting a furtive glance at Boris. The Tzar drops again into the arm-chair, crushed.*)

Oh, I choked... breath failed me...
As though the blood, like tossing waves,

Throbbled at my temples endlessly...

Oh, frail conscience! thou claimest
atonement!...

(*The scene darkens, the clock strikes.*)

Yes, enough... I know it... I know
enough!

For a little stain to tarnish it;

And my soul seethes within me...

And my heart is filled with pain!...

All deaths I suffer,

And remorse, like a hammer,

Beats ever on my brain...

The throttle closes... closes...

My reason I am losing... it totters...

I behold the boy... bathed in blood...

There... yonder... Who stirs there!?...
He approaches me... again

He shudders... groans... and im-
plores....

Go... Go... get hence! ...

(*Chasing the spectre*)

I am not... not... the assassin!

No, no, boy... not I... not I...

But the people were...

Go... boy!...

(*He conceals his face in his hands and, broken, drops on his knees before the armchair, as if mumbling a prayer.*)

O Lord... have mercy on the sinner...

The guilty soul of Boris protect!

(*Curtain.*)

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Castle of Michek. A Garden. A Fountain. The scene is lighted by the moon.

THE FALSE DIMITRI

(coming from the Castle, almost dreamily).

"To-night at the fountain." Divine voice!
With what joy thou overcomest the soul?

(Approaching to the fountain)

Wilt thou come at my sweet call?
Ah! thou art my heart's one hope!
Nay!... forget not him who loves thee...
Thou beholdest his pain and suffering...
Oh! come, console my sadness,
With thy smile divine and tender.
Marina! Marina!
Answer... Oh, answer!
Oh, come... come... I await thee!
I await thee here. Answer... 'Tis I who call thee.
No... no one is there!...

RANGONI.

Tzarevitch!

DIMITRI.

Thou again?!
My shadow pursuing me!

RANGONI.

August and valiant Tzarevitch,
Here I am, sent by my daughter Marina.

DIMITRI.

Marina?

RANGONI.

The spiritual daughter whom God gave me.
She wishes you to know
How tormented she is by unrest,
Caused by the love which consumes her...
And that hither she shall come.

DIMITRI.

Oh, if thou wouldst speak the truth...
Oh, if it were not Satan who in thee
Inspires these words of thine...
With me into Russia I would take my dove,

To raise her with me to the throne of the Tzars,
The entire world to dazzle by her splendor.
Vile tempter!
Into the depths of my heart thou dost seek to enter,
And liest to snatch from me the great secret.
Marina does not love me!

RANGONI.

I lie?... lie to thee, Tzarevitch?
Of thee alone, Marina thinks night and day,
And ever suffers for thee.
In the quiet of the night
Of thy valor she dreams...
If thy heart would not waver...
If her affliction it would know...
And what she endures from the deceitful envy
Of those who surround her,
Who hint at secret meetings,
Of caresses there exchanged!
Oh, if thou could'st understand...
Then never a doubt would'st thou encourage,
Either of me or of Marina!

DIMITRI.

No more! Thy censure cease!
Full long I've smothered the flame
Of my love sublime!...

(in a gloomy voice)

Nothing more must Marina fear...
Their impudence I shall crush...
The plots of those women I shall expose,
And at their trickery I shall laugh.
Then, even before the haughty ladies,
My love I shall declare to Marina!

(With heat)

At her feet I shall fall imploring
That she listen to my love...
And be my spouse and Tzarina!

RANGONI *(to himself)*.

May Saint Ignatius protect thee!

DIMITRI.

Thou who dost the world desert;
Thou who fleest the joys of life,
An expert thou in the tempter's art...
Oh, hear me well! By all that is sacred to thee,
By thine eternal salvation, I conjure thee,
To lead me to her that I may admire...

And tell her of my suffering and
pains...
Then ask whate'er thou wishest from
me!

RANGONI.

A humble, meditating friar, I pray
for all:
I think of God and of the awful
penance
That His just wrath reserves for us,
On the day of final judgment!
As the grave am I!
What care I for the treasure thou of-
ferest?

But if by God Dimitri is inspired
And if he seeks to grant my wish,
Then as companion he will need me;
Never to leave him for an instant,
To know all his surging thoughts...
To watch over him... to protect him!

DIMITRI.

Yes; I shall always be with thee,
If thou but show me Marina!
I must admire her... speak to her I
must!

RANGONI.

Conceal thyself, Tzarevitch.

DIMITRI.

Why?

RANGONI.

The approaching magnates would see
thee.
Pray, go... Tzarevitch... I beg thee;
save thyself.

DIMITRI.

Let them come. I shall receive them
As their merit and rank befit...

RANGONI.

Be on thy guard, Tzarevitch: if thou
dost here remain,
Thou mayest lose thy Marina!
Fly now... Follow my advice!
*(A company of guests comes from the
Castle. At their head walks Marina,
leaning on the arm of an old Polish
gentleman. The guests cross the
stage in couples.)*

MARINA *(to her escort)*.

Your love leaves me indifferent.
To me your oaths are vain expressions,
And never shall I trust in your tones.
(Both pass into the garden.)

THE KNIGHTS.

Moscow we shall vanquish in a single
day!
The Moscovites make prisoners
And the troupes of Boris annihilate!

THE LADIES.

Fall upon Moscow with a single
stroke;
Capture that perfidious Tzar.
(They enter the garden.)

THE KNIGHTS

(reentering the castle).

The vile Moscovites
Are hateful to the Poles!

THE LADIES.

Beautiful is Marina... but, perhaps,
She cannot be of use to us.

MARINA

(from the top of the guest stairs).
Some wine! some wine! My guests!

THE GUESTS.

In honor of gallant Mnichek,
Let us quaff the wine, and long live
his lady!
Glory to the crown of Marina!
(From behind the scenes)

Viva! Viva! Viva!

*(Marina and the Guests enter the
Castle.)*

DIMITRI *(rushing in)*.

The base Jesuit has so securely
Kept me within his clutches,
That scarcely could I throw from afar
Even a single glance at Marina!...
Blinded I was by the divine splendor
Of her eyes...
My heart was bursting within me
And for her I felt the wish
To be alone! How I longed
To have that monk, false and deceit-
ful, leave me!

Without rest he long speeches de-
claimed

And impudent phrases!...
And I... I in the garden Marina be-
held,

Leaning on the arm of a noble lord;
The fair one I saw squandering her
smiles...

I heard sweet and amorous phrases,
 And her consent to be his spouse!
 The spouse of him... a witling...
 When fate offers her my love;
 And glory... the scepter...
 The crown of Moscow!
 No... enough!... I shall don again
 the shining hauberk...
 The sword and helm!
 Then on the charger... leading... in
 the savage tussle!
 Yes! at the head... of my brave war-
 riors...
 Against the Tzar Boris,
 And victorious I shall receive
 The throne of my forefathers!

MARINA (*entering*).

Dimitri!... Tzarevitch... Dimitri...

DIMITRI.

'Tis she, Marina!

(*Moving to meet her*)

Thou, my queen, angel of beauty!
 Oh, how long the waiting and how sad!
 When the mind is torn asunder,
 By jealousy corroded, the heart, tor-
 mented, dims the thought
 And curses love... its queen!

MARINA.

'Tis well... I know it all.
 He sleeps no more! Night nor day
 He dreams of love and lives but for
 Marina!
 Nay! To thee I came
 To speak of things the gravest, but
 not of love.
 Alone, thou mayest, if it please thee,
 Rave and pine of love for me!

DIMITRI.

Marina!

MARINA.

No! Even if thy life
 In love for me thou gavest,
 Heedless my heart shall be!
 When shalt thou enter Moscow as its
 Tzar?

DIMITRI.

I a Tzar? Marina, fear fills my heart!
 The name of Tzar, the throne's ef-
 fulgent splendor,
 Vile slaves and crowds of flatterers
 Have slain all love in thee...
 And, with it, the ardent longing, yes,

to yield thyself
 To sweet caresses,
 To my tender love for thee,
 And to the raptures of my passion!

MARINA.

Come, let's end this!
 I know well the lovers' adage:
 "A hut and thee, and happy we shall
 be!"

Listen, Tzarevitch; for thy foolish love
 Thou shalt choose among the many
 Moscovites

A fair one with eyes of fire!

DIMITRI.

Oh, no! 'Tis thou!
 Thou alone I wish for!
 Thou art my angel,
 Thou, my love!
 Have pity on my sorrow,
 Drive me not from thee!

MARINA.

For thee Marina is but mistress...
 A plaything!
 No! Only the throne of the Tzars,
 And their crown can tempt me!

DIMITRI.

Thou woundest my heart, cruel lady
 of Poland...
 Thy words are as shafts to my heart!
 See... I kneel at thy feet,
 Humbly before thee I plead for thy
 love,
 Oh, nourish this flame in my bosom!

MARINA (*sarcastically*).

Nay! my tender love-swain!
 Kneel not there... arise!
 Poor martyr, thou makest me pity
 thee!
 Because thou sufferest so...
 Because of love thou languishest for
 Marina...
 Night and day thou dost dream of
 her...
 And thinkest not thou of the crown,
 Nor thinkest now of Boris!
 Worthless one, begone!

DIMITRI.

Marina! Say no more!

MARINA.

Go, hireling! Begone!... Vile serf!

DIMITRI.

Oh, Marina!
 Hast thou the right to reproach me
 thus
 For all that I have suffered in the
 past?
 Thou liest, yes, liest, Lady of Poland!
 I am that Tzar!...
 Around me soldiers gather
 And to-morrow, at dawn, I join them
 And their chief I'll be!
 Upon the Kremlin we shall fall, like
 heroes,
 To conquer the throne of my fore-
 fathers;
 And the day that sees me Tzar
 With what joy I shall laugh at thee!
 Oh, on that day thy tears shall flow
 For the sceptre lost.
 Humble thou!
 Then shall I see thee there imploring
 At my throne in the Kremlin;
 But, at my command, all shall laugh
 At the foolish Lady of Poland!

MARINA.

They shall laugh!
 Oh, Tzarevitch, I implore thee!
 Be merciful... forgive my speech!
 Not hate inspired me
 But my trust in thy destiny!
 I wish for thee both glory and power...
 Believe me... I shall follow thee...
 I love thee!
 Oh, my valiant, Marina shall be true
 to thee!
 But think... think of thyself...
 The throne awaits thee;
 Haste thee yonder to the Kremlin!

DIMITRI.

Marina!

Cease to feign a holy love...
 Pangs indescribable thou causest me!

MARINA.

Oh, I love thee, brave warrior.
 My lord art thou!

DIMITRI.

Oh, repeat to me, Marina,
 Do repeat those words!
 Thy charm alone can enrapture me!

MARINA

(throwing herself at his knees).

Oh, my Tzar!

DIMITRI.

Come, Marina, my pardon receive,
 In the arms of thy spouse.

He awaits thee.

MARINA.

My Lord, thou givest hope again!
 I am thine! O conqueror!

(They embrace.)

*(Rangoni, crossing the stage at the
 very moment the embrace each other,
 stops, enjoying the triumph of his
 victory.)*

THE GUESTS

(from behind the scenes).

Viva! Viva! Viva!

(Curtain.)

SCENE II.

*The Forest of Kromy. At right of
 audience a slope, whence starts a
 road crossing the scene. In distance
 the walls of the city. At top of slope,
 the large trunk of a tree. Facing
 the audience, the forest. It is night.
 As the curtain goes up, from behind
 the scenes the wild shouts of the
 Vagrants are heard. They rush
 down the slope into the scene, in-
 vading it. They bring the Boyar
 Khroustchov with them, bound, his
 dress torn and his head bare.*

VAGRANTS.

Bring him here, lay him on the trunk.
 brothers!

There!

*(They compel the prisoner to sit on
 the trunk.)*

Since he wishes to shout, then cure we
 must

The noble's throttle! Let us gag him!
*(They gag Khroustchov with bits of
 torn clothing and bind him to the
 trunk with a strap.)*

Amen!

(They light fires.)

THE MEN.

What, brothers...

Without an escort would ye leave that
 Boyar?

We protest! Surely a great man he!
 The Tzar Boris stole the throne, the
 crown

This one stole from the robber!

What say?... Let's render him honors
 Deserved by the scoundrel!

Eh?... Here... Fomka, Epihan, on
 guard here!

*(Two men carrying whips, detach
 themselves from the crowd and
 stand at the side of Khroustchov.)*

THE CROWD.

Amen!

THE WOMEN.

What think ye of this?

'Tis said that the handsome Boyar

No ladylove has...

Shall this be true?

Without a mistress

The Boyar a beehive resembles

Wanting in honey...

Afinia, my dove,

By what they say

Soon a hundred thou shalt be

Thou knowest it well.

Approach, my treasure, come to the

Boyar!

(An old woman, groaning and coughing, moves towards Khroustchov.)

MEN AND WOMEN.

Go on! ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,

Amen! Let's render him honors!

THE MEN.

Hey, ye... women, begin!

THE WOMEN

(disposing themselves in a semicircle around the Boyar).

The fine hawk beats its wings?

And a courser prances?

And the Boyar, mighty lord,

Thinks, and reflects, both night and day?

ALL *(saluting the Boyar).*

Glory, glory to the great Boyar,

Glory to his Tzar Boris; glory!

MEN'S VOICES.

Hey, women! the good Boyar his switch has lost.

Instead of his stick... the whip!

(Placing a whip in the Boyar's hands)

Good!... now go on!...

THE WOMAN.

The good Boyar thinks night and day

To please the Tzar,

How he may beat to death

Good folks and honest Christians.

ALL *(saluting).*

Glory to this good Boyar,

Glory to his Tzar Boris!

Glory!

(All approach the Boyar)

He always overwhelmed us with his favors!

(Saluting)

So as not to soil thy boots

Thou forced our sons to carry thee!

(Again saluting)

And with the whip thou gavest orders!

Glory to the great Boyar, Glory to

his Tzar Boris,

Glory! Glory! to thee!

(Saluting profoundly).

(From right, on the road the Simpleton rushes in. He wears a tin helmet. He is in rags; his feet are bare and he carries a sandal of osier.)

THE URCHINS.

Trr... tin-helmet! tin-helmet!

Trr... tin-helmet!

Oo...lyoo, lyoo, lyoo, lyoo, lyoo...

ttr...

(Some of the men and women threaten the Urchins who become silent.)

THE SIMPLETON

(seats himself on a rock and sings, swaying from side to side and fixing his sandal).

White moon

The cat is weeping!

Simpleton be tranquil...

Think thou must of prayer.

I adore thee, my Lord...

I love Thee, Jesus!

Serene night...

The moon shines!

THE URCHINS

(simulating respect).

Viva... viva! to the Simpleton.

Great honors be paid.

Salute us gently, gently...

Doff your helmet... it is heavy!

(Striking on the thin helmet.)

Zin! zin! zin! big bell!

THE SIMPLETON.

Don't you know I have a kopeck?

THE URCHINS.

Let's see... Thou art mistaken!

THE SIMPLETON

(taking a kopeck from the helmet and showing it to the boys).

Sec!

(The Urchins whistle mockingly, imitating the sound "vooit". They snatch the kopeck from his hands and run away.)

THE SIMPLETON.

(He weeps, and his cries become confused with the song of Varlaam and Missail.)

Ah, ah, ah, they have robbed the Simpleton!

Ah, ah, ah! my poor kopeck! Ah, ah, ah!

VARLAAM AND MISSAIL

(from behind the scenes).

Sun and moon shine no more!

All the stars are spent...

Tremble and start, oh, earth,

At the misdeeds of Boris!

(The Simpleton stretches himself on the rock and feigns sleep. The crowd listens to the song and moves toward it.)

Strange beasts are roving everywhere,
Winged monsters pursuing,
Which seek the children to devour,
For Boris's atrocious crime!

(The song draws near)

Boris's minions unmercifully torture,
By the foul demons inspired,
In honor of the excellent reign
Of Boris the Devil.

THE CROWD.

Those old men come from the city.
They are bold thus to sing the Tzar's
guilt...

The tortures of wretches who languish...

VARLAAM AND MISSAIL.

Wretched people who suffer and
moan,

And squirm 'neath that apostate's rod,
The infamous whip of the regicide,
To the glory of his mortal sin!

THE CROWD.

Haida!

The people are incited to boldness,
Their courage awakens again;
The Cossack blood in their hearts en-
kindles.

Oh, blessed strength, by thee we are
urged!

O vigorous strength,
Immortal strength, potent, avenging
strength.

Strength terrifying!

Our brethren thou must not betray...

Help them to struggle...

Help them to fight...

To struggle with ardor... with ardor
to fight.

Dost thou incite them to fight!...

Haida!...

VARLAAM AND MISSAIL.

Good folks, accept

As your beloved Tzar,

Accept whom Heaven saved

From the assassin's hands stained!

Accept, people, as your Tzar,

Dimitri, Tzar Ivan's son!

THE CROWD.

Already the people's boldness implac-
ably wake!

O strength possess us, our hearts pos-
sess

Strength to force atonement!

Night and day Tzar Boris's minions

Torture our righteous men;

They pinch, they tear them...

With fury they slay them!

Death! death! death to Boris...

To the regicide death!

LOVITZKI AND TCHERNIAKOWSKY

Domine, Domine, saluum fac Regem.

Regem Demetrium Moscoviae,

Saluum fac, saluum Regem Demetrium

Omnis Russia... Saluum fac, Saluum
fac Regem Demetrium!

VOICES AMIDST THE CROWD.

Still these! What seek they here?

Like wolves they howl.

*(They rush to the left to meet the
Jesuits.)*

They are black those demons!

LOVITZKI AND TCHERNIAKOWSKY.

Domine, Domine, saluum fac, sal-
uum fac!

VARLAAM *(to Missail)*.

The vile tribe of ravens,

Here they come, like we, to acclaim
the Tzarevitch.

We must stop them, Missail!

MISSAIL.

Let us do so!

LOVITZKI AND TCHERNIAKOWSKY

(entering).

Domine, Domine, saluum fac Regem
Demetrium Moscoviae.

MISSAIL *(to the crowd)*.

Death to the black brood!

THE CROWD.

Haida! Death!

Death to the vampires!

The magicians, the sorcerers!

VARLAAM.

In the pine-tree let their souls be unfettered!

'Midst the foliage let them chant their praises.

(The crowd rushes at the Jesuits and binds them.)

Draw tighter the cords!

They must stir no more.

Nor into temptation lead others!

LOVITZKI AND TCHERNAKOWSKY.

Sanctissima Virgo,

Juva, juva.

Servos tuos!

(3 times in succession.)

THE CROWD.

Haida! On the pine-tree, yonder!

LOVITZKI AND TCHERNAKOWSKY.

Sanctissima Virgo, juva servos tuos.
Servos tuos!

(The crowd drags the Jesuits into the forest. Trumpets are heard and horsemen appear, wrapped in white cloaks and carrying torches. Procession of troops of Dimitri. The Vagrants invade the stage.)

VARLAAM AND MISSAIL

(from behind the scenes).

Glory to the Tzarevitch, Ivan's son,
Whom God preserve!

(Bis)

THE CROWD.

Glory to the Tzarevitch!

God kept him safe for us!

He guarded him for us!

(Bis)

(The crowd, Varlaam, Missail and the Jesuits move about the stage. The false Dimitri enters riding a horse whose bridle is held by two soldiers.)

THE CROWD.

Long live and rule Dimitri Ivanovitch!
Glory! glory! glory! glory!

THE FALSE DIMITRI

(on horseback).

We, Dimitri Ivanovitch,

By God's will Tzarevitch of Russia,
Strength inheriting from his forefathers,

Offer to thee our people.

Tortured by the usurper.

And our suffering

KHROUTCHOV.

O Lord, noble Tzarovitch!

Glory to thee!

(Saluting him profoundly.)

DIMITRI.

Come, Boyar, with thy Tzar the enemy
to meet...

We shall enter my fatherland...

There in the holy Kremlin!

(Dimitri retires, climbing the slope to the right. All follow him, except the Simpleton.)

THE CROWD.

Glory! glory! glory to thee!

Glory ever to Dimitri Ivanovitch!

LOVITZKI AND TCHERNAKOWSKY

following Dimitri.

Gloria Deo! Gloria!

(From behind the scenes is heard the mournful tolling of bells. From afar the glow of a conflagration is seen. The stage is emptying.)

THE SIMPLETON.

(gazing around, then seating himself on the rock he sings, swaying his body).

Let bitter tears flow.

Weep... weep... unhappy soul!

The enemy here shall come.

So much blood shall flow.

And the fire shall destroy...

(The curtain is slowly lowered.)

Oh, terror! oh, terror!...

Allow thy tears to flow,

Wretched people!

(Curtain.)

SCENE III.

The angular palace of the Kremlin. Benches on every side. At right a door leading to the grand staircase. At left the Tzar's apartments. At right, near footlights, a table on which are writing materials. Towards left, the place set apart for the Tzar. Special session of the Duma of Boyars.

THE BOYARS *(some of them)*.

Now, Boyars, let us begin. Who speaks?

OTHER VOICES.

You first shall speak!

SOME ONE.

But our opinion is already given!

(*To Tchelkalov.*)

Write: Andrey Mikailovitch.
(*Tchelkalov seats himself at the table*)

FIRST VOICES.

Let the scoundrel be burned alive!

THIRD VOICES.

But first the villain must be arrested!
Then... you can burn him!

FIRST VOICES.

Right!

FOURTH VOICES.

Not exactly!
(*As they express their opinion in turns, the Boyars rise, salute and resume their seats.*)

SECOND VOICES.

Be calm! We must speak!

FIRST VOICES.

Before all, he must be arrested,
Then be hanged and scourged!

SECOND VOICES.

Let him be executed and his body exposed
To famished ravens.

THIRD VOICES.

Then burn him, before the people,
On the public square, and cursed be
his ashes,
Thrice accursed!

FOURTH VOICES.

And scatter his ashes,
Outside the walls, to the four winds!

ALL.

Let all trace of the perjurer be blotted
from the earth,
And should one defend him, let him
too perish!
His body shall be put into the pillory.
And everywhere let this edict be proclaimed.
In all towns, in all churches, in all
squares and crossways...

(*Long pause.*)

That kneeling, the people may
raise to Heaven their prayers that
our country be spared..."

SOME OF THE BOYARS.

But Shouisky has forgotten us. Although in the plot,
Nothing without him we can accomplish.

SCHOUISKY (*entering*).

Pray forgive me,
If I delayed a while. Oh, excuse my
lingering.

THE BOYARS.

Behold, Prince Shouisky!

SHOUISKY

(*to the Boyars who surround him*)

The other night,
I took leave of the Tzar with sorrowful heart,

For I was worried about his mind.

Through a hole I decided to look...

Oh, Boyars! what a harrowing sight
I beheld!

Pallid... his brow bathed in sweat...

His hands trembling,

The Tzar stammered strange, disjointed phrases—

And his gaze terror inspired!

Assailed by some hidden grief,

Boris, the martyr, was weeping!...

Then livid, he turned his eyes to the left...

With agonizing cries,

And to Dimitri's ghost he spoke,

Vainly chasing the terrible spectre,

THE BOYARS.

No, thou liest!

OTHER BOYARS.

What?!...

(*Boris enters seeking to remain unseen.*)

SHOUISKY (*continuing*).

"Go," he said to him, "go, go, go,
go, boy!"

BORIS.

Go, go, go, boy!

THE BOYARS

(*perceiving Boris*).

O, Lord!... O, God in Heaven!
angels protect us!

BORIS (*coming down front*).

Go, Go!

I the murderer? oh, no! no!

No... assassin! he lives

And Shouisky who falsely swore

Shall be quartered!

SHOUISKY

(*making the sign of the cross over Boris*).

Let Heaven's grace watch over thee!

BORIS

(assuming a lordly demeanor, moves towards the place reserved for the Tzar and addressing the Boyars).

Here I bade you assemble, for I need your counsel.

In sinister times, when misfortune threatens,

Through you I seek a refuge.

SHOUISKY.

Oh, my Sovereign,

Permit thine unworthy slave

To speak a word!

There, at the great staircase waiting,

An old man begs of thee the favor

Of admission to thy presence!

A counsellor, good and just, and of a blameless life,

He seeks to disclose to thee some great mystery!

BORIS.

'Tis well. I here await him.

(Aside)

This saint, who knows?

To my oppressed spirit may bring Sweet repose.

(Pimenn enters, stops and gazes fixedly at Boris.)

PIMENN.

A humble monk,

Who cared never for worldly strife,
Here comes to shed the light!

BORIS *(troubled)*.

Oh, good old man, make known to me
That mystery...

All that thou mightest say.

PIMENN:

In the secret of the night
A shepherd came to me, a venerable man.

Who to me disclosed a heinous mystery:

"From childhood,—thus he spoke,

"I have been blind, and know not

"Night and day! All in vain I tried...

"Herbs, charms and philters!

"In vain my eyes I bathed

"With water from the holy founts!...

"Naught availed... I became resigned.

"In my dreams no outline I perceived,

"Nor shapes... but only sounds and songs!...

"One night I dreamed

"Of a childish voice that called me

"Distinctly—

(Boris becomes more and more troubled.)

"Father, arise.... go....

"Go into the city of Ouglitch,

"Visit our cathedral there,

"And a pray offer at my tomb,

"For I am Dimitri, the Tzarevitch....

(Boris sits up and wipes his brow.)

"God among his angels took me

"And now sends me hither

"Miracles to accomplish!"

I awoke and decided to obey him;

And with my little nephew there went.

Hardly had I prayed o'er the tomb,

Than a saintly joy

Filled my soul...

My blind eyes were opened...

I beheld the sun, the tomb... my little one!...

BORIS

(his hand on his heart)

Oh, I faint... ah me! help!...

(He falls into the arms of the Boyars who take counsel. Some go in search of help, others are in despair. Boris faints.)

BORIS

(regaining his senses).

My son... the heir!...

To the cloister... Monk!...

(The Boyars persuade him to sit.)

(Shouisky rushes off for the Tzarevitch. Some of the Boyars go in search of the Patriarch of the Convent of Miracles. Only five Boyars remain around the Tzar. Theodore rushes in and throws himself into Boris's arms.)

BORIS.

Leave us... alone I would be.

(The Boyars go out.)

Farewell my son, I die...

And thou soon shall rule.

Seek not to learn how I gained the throne...

Thou art not accountable... the rightful Tzar art thou...

My heir, my first-born.

Son! dear son, beloved!

The advice of the rebel Boyars distrust,

Follow warily their plot in Lithuania.

The traitors thou must punish! punish mercilessly!

BORIS GODOUNOV

To thy people strict justice render...
Defend ever our holy religion,
And all our patron saints honor!
Shield my Xenia, O my son!...
Thou alone must protect her!...
Love Xenia, my pure dove...

*(In tones that grow weaker by
degrees.)*

O Lord, O my God!
Behold my weeping.
Oh, mercy, mercy!... to the son of
the great transgressor.
Thy clemency I implore—

*(He lays his hands on Theodore's head
and blesses him.)*

From celestial and angelic paths
Oh, pour thy favors o'er my children,
Truthful, good and sweet!
Angel custodian of Heaven, near the
divine throne...

With thy wings protect my heir,
From all temptation... protect him...

*(He presses his son to his bosom. The
mournful tolling of bells is heard.)*

God! it is the funeral knell!

CHORUS (*within*).

Alas! weep all...
His life is passing!
Closed are his lips.
The spirit wings its flight
Weep...
Hallelujah!

BORIS.

Mournful plaints!
A monk, a humble monk!
To the cloister goes the Tzar.

THEODORE (*crying*).
My father, calm thyself!...

Heaven shall aid thee...

BORIS.

No, already my hour strikes...

CHORUS (*within*).

Before my eyes a boy is dying!...
I sob... I weep...
He shudders... he quivers...
And invokes my aid!
For him no hope is there!

BORIS.

Lord! Lord... have mercy!
Mercy! forgive this deed of mine...
O, frightful death, sharp are thy
claws!...

(The Boyars and the procession enter)

BORIS (*getting up*).

Ah, stop! I am still Tzar... I am the
Tzar!

*(He places his hand on his heart and
again drops into the arm-chair.)*

Oh, I die!... God... forgive me!...
(To the Boyars, pointing to his son.)

He!

He is your Tzar!...

Oh, mercy... mercy!...

(Boris dies.)

THE BOYARS

*(with bowed heads, almost in a
murmur).*

He dies!...

(The curtain falls.)

END.

